

# THE PHOENIX SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. 3.

PHOENIX, MARICOPA COUNTY, ARIZONA TERRITORY, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879.

NO. 22.

## My Sweetheart.

Do you know my sweetheart, sir?  
She has fled and gone away.  
I've lost my love; pray tell me,  
Have you seen her since to-day?

Dewy blue-eyes are her eyes;  
Gold corn her waving hair;  
Her cheeks are of the sweet blush-roses;  
Have you seen this maiden fair?

White lilies are her neck, sir;  
And her breasts the eglantine;  
Her rosy lips the red carnations;  
Is it she, this maiden mine?

The light wind is her laughter;  
The murmuring brook her song;  
Her tears, so full of tender pity,  
In the clouds are borne along.

The sunbeams are her smiles;  
The leaves her footstep light;  
To kiss each flower in the island,  
Is my true love's delight.

I will tell you who she is,  
And how all things become her.  
Send down, that I may whisper,  
My sweetheart's name is "Summer."

## The Forgotten Sentinel.

I.  
The Island of Rugen, in the Baltic, opposite Stralsund, is a strong natural position strongly fortified. During the campaign of 1807 Davoust had occupied it with a regiment of infantry and some companies of sappers and miners, and one of the infantrymen was Firmin Bonard, a young soldier posted one night on a little eminence near the harbor.

It was near midnight when the corporal of the guard left him, and he expected to be relieved at 2 o'clock, which would leave him three hours' sleep before morning. The minutes slowly wore away, and the two hours, according to the sentry's calculation, had about expired, when suddenly he heard a sound as of footsteps approaching.

"Good! Here comes the relief!" said Firmin Bonard to himself, then cried aloud: "Who goes there?"

There was no reply. And yet he heard something, muttered the soldier, "and I can take my oath my two hours are up." Almost immediately thereafter there was another rustle in the bushes, then a bark, and the poodle Capucin, the Dog of the Regiment, and a warm personal friend of the young sentry, bounded up to him.

II.  
On hearing the dog bark the sentinel at first fancied that something was wrong, and cocking his musket he cast a searching glance into the obscurity, holding his breath to listen. But there was neither sound nor sight of a foe, and Capucin, clambering up the rocks, came bounding to Bonard's feet.

"Oh, that's you, old fellow, isn't it?" said the soldier. "You found it dull, did you?" well, Capucin, it is not particularly lively here. It is a pity you didn't think to invite the Corporal to accompany you, for the night is decidedly cool and I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. The Corporal's watch is always slow, and will be till he takes it to the blacksmith for repairs."

In response to these words, to which he had patiently listened, Capucin began to bark and gambol furiously round his friend.

"Oh, you think that if I am chilled and sleepy I had better warm my blood and wake myself up with a dance, eh? But, Capucin, you have no musket to carry, or you wouldn't risk so."

Still Capucin continued to bark and to run, up to the right, now to the left, as if possessed, till finally losing all patience he came up to the soldier, seized him by the overcoat and tugged so heartily at it that he tore away a fragment of the cloth.

Bonard was not in the best of humor originally, now his anger was increased, and transferred from the absent corporal to the present Capucin, and he saluted the animal with a lusty kick.

The dog was visibly grieved to be so maltreated and misunderstood, and retired to some little distance, then slowly returned, looked reproachfully at the soldier, and licked his hands.

"Go! Be off with you!" said Bonard, stealing his hand to his threatening him with the butt end of his rifle.

Capucin, seeing that he could not prevail with him, at last retired, often looking back and barking invitingly.

But the sentinel stood resolutely at his post and Capucin just reached the beach in time to embark with the corporal in the last boat, for Napoleon had formed a new strategic combination and was retiring to join him instantly, evacuating Rugen on an hour's notice.

In the bustle, the corporal—every one but Capucin—had forgotten about Bonard.

III.  
Firmin Bonard, pacing his beat with his musket under his arm, heard 3 o'clock strike in the distant belfry of the old church of Rugen, then 4, then 5. The swallows began to twitter and the sun came up.

Losing all patience, and in desperate defiance of military law, which enjoined him to remain on post till he was duly relieved, he descended from the heights and sought the guard-house. "If any body is going to be shot," he growled, "it ought to be the corporal, for the idea of leaving a man on guard for six hours is absurd."

So saying he entered the guard-house, and found it deserted. "The devil!" he exclaimed, and was sorely puzzled, but after a few moments' reflection came to the conclusion that the regiment had moved to some other part of the island. Throwing his gun over his shoulder, he set off across the island and presently came to a peasant who was plowing in a field.

"My good man," said the soldier, "can you tell me which way the French troops have gone?"

"By water," answered the peasant, surprised at seeing the solitary soldier;

"I don't know where they have gone, but at two this morning they sailed with the greatest haste, and in the complete silence."

"Gone!" said the sentry; "and they have abandoned me! I shall be set down as a deserter. Damn that corporal—he not only left me on watch six hours, but he has ruined my reputation—dishonored me. Now I understand poor Capucin's visit; he came to warn me that they were going, and I, dull fool that I was, could not understand him. Good dog, and I kicked him the first time one of our men ever struck him. Oh! Capucin, Capucin, why didn't you think of tearing the corporal's coat, too?"

And the sentinel burst into tears of regret and despair.

IV.  
As the farm of Peter Baxen, the peasant with whom Firmin Bonard had fallen in, was one of the largest in the island, the soldier returned to his old calling, did not lack for opportunities to show his skill and industry, and speedily convinced the rich peasant of his value.

Firmin became the husband of the old man's only child, the rich, pretty and amiable Amelia.

Four years have passed away—four years of toil and love. Firmin Bonard brought often of France, but came to forget his technical desertion. The prattling of his two children, the embraces of his wife, were a present that answered for the future; small wonder that he forgot the past.

So matters went on till one morning the signal was made that several vessels were in sight; then as they drew nearer the word went round the island:

"It is the French! They are going to land!"

"The words came to Firmin Bonard's ears like alarm guns, and he felt that he was a lost man. A sudden thought came to him, however, and reassured him somewhat; dashing to his dwelling he put on his old uniform and shako, and ran to the spot where five years before he had been so strangely abandoned.

Soon barges filled with soldiers were seen to put off from the ships that rounded to and dropped anchor. In the bow of one was a big white poodle that barked joyously on seeing the solid ground once more.

Firmin Bonard saw the dog and fancied that he recognized in him old Capucin, and his eyes filled with tears.

Still the barges approached; Capucin—it was Capucin, indeed—evidently recognized the island, looked round eagerly, espied the sentry, then standing on his hind-legs, gave one rapturous howl, and plunging into the sea, swam with all his might shoreward.

An instant later and the boats were within hailing distance.

"Who goes there?" shouted Firmin Bonard in a voice of thunder.

"Who goes there yourself?" answered one of Davoust's staff from the leading boat; "who are you, anyhow?"

"Firmin Bonard, private of the Sixty-eighth of the line, on guard."

"On guard? How long have you been on guard?"

"Since 12 o'clock on the night of May 13, 1807."

At this reply every one burst out laughing. The first boat's prow had not quite touched the strand when Capucin had scrambled up the steep rock and with a tremendous bound cast himself, barking furiously, into the arms of his old friend. Barks, gamboling, somersaults, licking of hands, face, feet—all imaginable demonstrations of canine joy.

"Go on, old fellow," sobbed the soldier, with tears rolling down his cheeks; "tear my coat and mummy it as much as you like to-day, and I won't say anything. I remember when I struck you for showing me all your affection and intelligence."

VI.  
When he had recovered somewhat from his emotion, Firmin Bonard, followed by the faithful dog, went down to the beach to greet his comrades and to his wife. Luckily the corporal, now an officer on Davoust's staff, was there, and could corroborate it. The regiment feasted him royally, and he in return invited every one of them to the farm, where he and his wife did the honors cordially.

It was not long ere the news reached Marshal Davoust's ears. He laughed heartily at Firmin Bonard's stratagem, and having satisfied himself that the soldier's antecedents were irreproachable, ordered his discharge to be made out in due form.

"Far be it from me," said the Marshal, "after he has been on guard for five years without being relieved, to send this gallant fellow before a court-martial."

SPANISH BEGGARS.—The streets are thronged with paupers who beg for their daily bread. Was to you, if you chance to give one of them anything; for soon their friends and friends' friends will hear of it, and the next time you go out you will have a train of eager persistent attendants wherever you go. But should you give one a penny or two, be careful to place it gently in his outstretched hand or cap, for if you should throw or toss the pennies at them your ears will be saluted with such a volume of curses that, could you understand them all, would make you shudder, and wonder how many ayes and pater nosters they will have to say for penance. "Are they dogs that you throw your miserable centos at them?" No public provision is made for paupers, but on Saturday no one refuses their petitions.

At the festivities of the recent Austrian silver wedding Prince Potocki, son of the Governor of Galicia, appeared in a Magyar dress, three of his diamond buttons being alone worth \$200,000.

Needs looking into—A telescope.

## Honored by the King.

Garibaldi throws his great political influence with the king, who, in this stage of affairs, represents United Italy. When he came to Rome, some ten days since, weak and sick, carried almost like a dead man from the depot to his son's house, amid the cheers and wailing of the populace, the king paid him the first visit. Some days later Garibaldi repaid it, going in a carriage which he was not able to leave. He was driven into the lovely gardens of the Quirinal, when the king came down, and, entering the carriage, sat with him during the interview. His relations with the established government are cordial and complete; in fact he is drawing a large pension from the State. He is no way, however, abandoning political agitation for the general advancement of Republican ideas and principles. He is incessantly, by private influence and public appeal, urging on "the Left" to radical, democratic measures. Since my stay here he has issued two circulars, which, to our ears, would sound decidedly revolutionary and dangerous. We must recollect, however, that over here words are very cheap and plentiful. It takes a thousand of them to make a very little deed. His programme is agitation and action "inside the laws." On that line he labors with very defiant words and ceaseless action, leading forward his forces. Still he never loses sight of the ultimate result of arming the people to seek or defend their own rights in their own way, nor lets his political opponent lose sight of it either. Witness the following distinct threat, which concludes a manifesto issued April 26, announcing, in very enthusiastic terms, the organization of a central working body, to be known as "The League of the Democracy."

"The League is pledged to confine its work within the limits of the law, and to employ, exclusively, peaceful means; but those who govern Italy must know that if the right to do so is contested, fettered or hindered, it matters not from what side, it is on them will fall the whole responsibility, in the event that the League of the Democracy, in order to defend or reconquer its rights, and consequent of acting legitimately, shall have recourse to other means." The papers of this same week contained a news item to the effect that Garibaldi had headed, with a handsome sum, a subscription list to purchase a million of rifles with which to arm the people of Italy. This is not probably true, but it seems to illustrate the condition of popular feeling—the thoughts of men's minds.

This circuit, and an indiscreet poem on the general subject of assassinating tyrants, have given great offense to the conservative element, and are being used with some effect by his political opponents.

While accepting the crown as the representative to-day of established government and Italian Union, and throwing his influence with it in the interests of order, Garibaldi is at the same time, in his political position, on the extreme left of the Lefts. It is doubtful, however, if he would be satisfied with any government. He is a poet, although a writer of bad verses, and lacks the practical grasp of statesmanship. It is his mission to arouse and destroy, not to protect and administer.

For a whole lifetime Garibaldi has been the mover of the oppressed people of Europe, leading them in one desperate effort after another, that has always ended in his defeat and disaster. To-day, as he nears death, his body worn away by the force of the still living and powerful soul within it, it is dramatic to think that he stands like the leader of a host of the promised land of his hopes and prophecies. In England, to-day, the social and political power of the common people is steadily growing healthily and peacefully. In France they stand a guard in possession of the government. In Italy they wait in hope, under, perhaps, the first constitutional government of the continent. In Russia they are blindly rising in crime and blood—illegally, illegally, but in a way that is striking terror into organized society all over Europe, and forcing the consideration of the situation on the fears and conscience of those now fortunate classes who, for a thousand years, have enjoyed the trust of government without even being called on for an account of their stewardship, or, perhaps, ever thinking of their responsibility.—W. W. N., in Philadelphia Press.

The introduction of the use of the Bible in administering oaths in New Mexico, where it was never used until Judge Prince went out, has been the occasion of some local humor in the newspapers of the Territory. The Santa Fe papers insist that at Las Vegas the sheriff ransacked the town for two days in search of the necessary volume and finally only succeeded by borrowing one from a convent. The Las Vegas papers retort that when the Bible was introduced into the Court at Santa Fe, the lawyers seized on it and read it with avidity for some hours, imagining that it was a new Eastern publication, until one of them remembered having heard of the story of Daniel when he was a small child in Chautauque county. The Bible Society will please make a note of New Mexico as good missionary ground.—N. Y. Tribune.

Mr. W. W. Corcoran, whose old age is given up to deeds of kindness, has just purchased the Patapoco Institute at Eliott's Mills, and given the title-deeds to the two great-nieces of John Randolph, of Roanoke, who are accomplished women, but very poor. They will open a school there in the autumn, taking with them the pupils now under their care.

He that falls into sin is a man; that grieveth at it may be a saint; that boasteth of it is a devil.

## A Great Artist's Maxims.

"Never wish to appear greater than you are," writes Couture, on almost the first page of his book. "Above all things beware of expressing other people's opinions as if they were your own; that brings ruin, it leads to darkness; dare to be yourself; that will bring you light. Above all things be humble; in the art of painting humility is the greatest strength." And again he says: "He who is at the bottom of the social ladder regards himself as a repressed king, and the poorest of our artists considers himself equal to Michael Angelo. One may satisfy kings, may satisfy the desires of a woman, but cannot satisfy a modern artist. When a mere child, Couture was taken by his father to the museum of the Louvre, and the first picture he saw was the 'Marriage in Cana,' by Veronese. His father corrected him for exclaiming aloud that it was the 'Marriage in Cana,' pointing out to him that it could not be because the figures were dressed in the costume of the Middle Ages instead of that of the age of Titianus. The father soon learned from a bystander what a mistake he had made, and how his son was right. 'I do not know why,' says Couture in his book, 'but it appeared to me very beautiful.' It was long afterward that this boy was able to paint his famous 'Romans of the Decadence,' which gave him an immediate and while renown, but it striking similarity in method and treatment to the great work of Veronese makes it seem a late result of that outburst of boyish enthusiasm. After Veronese his favorite artist seems to have been Rembrandt. Although a very different genius from Raphael, the great Dutchman is 'not less grand.' His is the rare gift of never fatiguing. He is a profound observer and thinker, and, too, and somber. It pleases him to picture man as tired of life. He saddens all joy and gaiety; 'he is a profound misanthrope; he seems to paint with tears and with shadow.' There is not a color, not a flower—simply a ray of light to brighten his faces. 'But what a head and what eyes! It is life itself; it frightens us, and overthrows the idea we have of art; for there there is a development, an interpretation, nothing of that; it is simply truth.'

## That Motor Again.

Any sensible man who picked up the New York World of Monday last must have glanced at the date to see if he had not chanced on an issue several years old. The leading article on the first page, three columns long, was headed "Keely's Wonderful Motor." It now works a vibratory engine of new design, with perfect success—An invention which sensible men believe must be long revolutionize the great industries of mankind. If this lengthy article had appeared in a certain Cleveland paper, people would at once comprehend that the editor thereof was making a frantic endeavor to unload his needless Keely motor stock, but we never thought the World had been caught by that Philadelphia vapor bubble. The account goes on to eulogize the character of Mr. Keely and shows that the motor is now in full working order, and that the great results may shortly be expected. Mr. Keely, it seems, invented a motor to fit our engines, but as they would not work he has been compelled to invent an engine to fit the motor. We are pleased to note that Mr. Keely has dropped the common word "vapor," as applied to his mysterious force, and it is now "an intermolecular etheric substance." This is such more satisfactory than simple "vapor," and it is to be hoped that Mr. Keely will patent the title for future use. The writer of the article in the World candidly acknowledges that he understands neither the generator nor engine; in other words, he doesn't know what he is talking about, yet he manages to spin out three columns on this unmitigated humbug, the Keely motor.—Detroit Free Press.

## A Boy's Bravery and Narrow Escape.

John Conlan, the "elevator" boy in the Chicago Postoffice Building, lately burned, is credited with considerable manly unselfishness and useful presence of mind during the fire. He could easily have escaped at the first alarm, but went up, instead, to warn the janitor's family on the sixth story, and others on other floors in succession, taking them down in his elevator and returning, until he almost sacrificed his own life.

On the fourth floor, Mr. Schufeldt was occupied with superintending the labors of some carpenters at the place where he was fitting up an office for him. Upon receiving the alarm, he, with his daughter and employees, got into the elevator, and were landed on the ground floor uninjured. The boy made four trips with his elevator, warning occupants of the offices that the opportunities for escape would soon be lost, and then abandoned the elevator on the second floor.

At this time the smoke was blinding, and he had to feel his way into Sheridan's headquarters, where he found the general putting up his papers of value into a package, with which he finally fled. Conlan meanwhile put the records of the department into the safe.

At this moment, the fire was almost upon him. His chance of escape suddenly became small, every avenue seeming to be cut off. In desperation, he finally ran to a window on Adams street. No chance there. He then crossed the hall, found a window through the smoke, and found the permanent fire-escape, by which he finally reached the ground.

The proprietor of a London journal who was much annoyed by receiving objectionable anonymous letters, discovered the author, and will prosecute him at law.

Is it true that spare-rib is a very popular diet among the Mormons?

## Reck, the Hangman.

M. Reck, the public executioner, died recently in an apoplectic fit, at the age of fifty-five years. M. Reck had fulfilled his melancholy office eight years, and the number of criminals who came under his care was fifty-four. Reck was a stout man with a very paternal air, always correctly clad in black long cloth, his black waistcoat relieved by an enormous gold watch-chain. In private life he was a very worthy man and lived quietly like a good bourgeois in an apartment on the third story, at No. 10, Rue Rochebrune, with his wife and seven children. On the door was a simple brass plate with the inscription: "Rue Rochebrune, fonctionnaire public." With his clients, if the word is allowable, M. Reck was as paternal in manner as he was in appearance. He always addressed them as *mon garcon*, and whenever they asked for information about the terrible operation they were on the point of undergoing, he used to reply with an air of the most absolute conviction, and did not hurt in the least. One might have almost believed that he had himself experienced the sensation. In his official functions he was always in a hurry, and when the chaplain was a little long in his parting observation to the victim, Reck used to tap on his watch glass with a manner that made you shudder. People used to say that every execution caused Reck a violent emotion. We do not so speak, but it is true that he was so to speak, in a black jacket, a colored waistcoat and a Tyrolean hat. His pay was 3,600 francs a year. If he succeeds Reck he will be raised to 8,000 francs a year and will receive twelve francs traveling expenses for any "work" that he may have to do outside Paris. M. Reck was always very agreeable and obliging to press men; he was also a protector of the poor. M. Reck was, so to speak, a born to the trade. His father was executioner-in-chief at Mende (Lozere), and at the age of twelve the son began to assist his father in his terrible functions. After practicing some time in the provinces, M. Reck was at last called to Paris. He became first mechanic to Heindrich, whom he succeeded in 1872.

## The Proposition for a Ship Railway Across the Isthmus.

It is not at all probable that there will be any serious discussion at the Panama Canal Convention now in session of the plan of bridging this gap in one of the great routes of commerce by a ship railway. Although the scheme may seem perfectly feasible to those who have theoretically originated it, it does not strike the ordinary mind as one likely to be attended with success. There are few things simpler in their construction than a canal, and the ultimate cost of a work of this kind can usually be determined with a close approach to accuracy. No doubt, \$100,000,000 is a large sum to expend, but, if once a canal is constructed across the Isthmus of Panama, it is hardly possible that any questions as to its serviceability can arise. But with the ship railway the case would be wholly different. The estimated cost might be considerably less, but when the tracks had been laid, the rolling tanks built, and the hauling engines put in their places, the practicability of working the various parts would have to be demonstrated. There might be not the least difficulty, while, on the other hand, the enterprise might prove to be a complete failure. Now, as long as this doubt exists, sanguine inventors must seek for some less exacting method of test than one which would involve an outlay of \$50,000,000. It is stated by some that it would, with our present knowledge of mechanics, be impossible to build a traction engine with sufficient power to pull a tank car, containing the water needed to float a loaded steamer of 5,000 tons' register, and the vessel herself and her cargo. The weight would be immense, and increasing the number of tracks and wheels, while it might add to the safety of the outfit, would not lessen its resistance to motion. Then, if an accident should occur, the result would be serious in the extreme, for if there is anything more ungainly and helpless than a fish out of water, it is a ship in a similar condition. A slight jar may hopelessly strain her, and her size and weight are such that if once fairly on the earth, beyond the realm of water, there is nothing to do but to break her to pieces. This being the case, ship-owners and marine-underwriters would hesitate a long time before they gave their consent to permit a vessel in which they were interested to be put upon a railway car.—N. Y. Times.

THIMBLES.—At a recent meeting of the British Archaeological association to the statements made that these articles were of recent date, evidence was adduced to show that they were well known to the Romans. The earliest examples, however, in England and north Europe appear to have been of leather, one of that material being shown. It was in use in country Cork so late as 1830. A large number of examples of brass, dating from 1500, were exhibited. They were mostly found in London, and some of the seventeenth century have inscriptions.—Athens.

A man went into a clothing store the other day, and after picking out some very fine cloth, said: "I want to make my father a present of an overcoat. Just measure it for me. Of course it will be too big for him, but it's pretty good wearing cloth, and as the old man's in bad health, I'll have to wear it sooner or later anyway. Just make it a little broad across the shoulders."

## A Man Drops 196 Feet from Niagara River Suspension Bridge.

A large number of people visited Niagara Falls to witness Harmon Peer in the performance of his jump from the new Suspension Bridge at the Falls into the river, according to announcements circulated throughout a large section of the country for some weeks past. Special rates were given by the Great Western Railway from London and St. Thomas, as well as by the Erie Railway and Canada Southern Railway from points on their respective lines, and the trains were all comparatively well filled, notwithstanding the many jumping hoaxes which have been perpetrated here from year to year, and even those who were present to-day were possessed with very lively misgivings as to the bona-fide issue of the present affair, until Peer made his appearance on the bridge about 3 p. m. He was dressed in a white Guernsey shirt, drawers, and blue-trunks, outside of which he wore a sort of rubber coat of mail of a sufficient thickness to protect his person from serious injury in its concussion with the water, yet not so heavy as to impart any appearance of clumsiness.

In the center of the bridge from which point he jumped, or rather let go, was a little windlass having a cylinder about six inches in diameter, on which was wound about 220 feet of very light copper wire, fastened to his body in such a manner as to keep his body in an upright position during the descent without in any degree impeding his progress. Considerable excitement was manifested by the large crowds as they led along the tops of the banks on either side of the river as Peer climbed over the railing of the bridge preparatory to descending. But this was greatly intensified when he hung only by his hands to the very bottom timbers of the structure, with nothing between him and the river below, a distance of exactly 196 feet. He suddenly loosed his hold amid cries of "Oh! Oh!" from the spectators, and quickly placed his hands under his arms, in which position they remained during his perilous trip, which lasted but four seconds. He struck the water with a thud and a splash, distinctly audible on the tops of the banks, and disappeared under the water, remaining out of sight for as much as ten seconds, after which he reappeared about fifty feet from where he went down, and was quickly taken into a boat in waiting amid loud cheers from the spectators. After a short resting down, and before reaching the shore, he stood up in the boat, showing that he was not much the worse of his ducking.

Peer is about 30 years of age, about five feet ten inches high, well built, and has a prepossessing appearance. While he was preparing for his performance a relative and namesake of his who has several times walked across Niagara Falls on a tight-rope exhibited some marvelous feats in his line on the guys which ran from the bank of the river to the center of the bridge.

Harmon Peer resides at Teeterville, County Norfolk, Ont.; he got his first idea of jumping when he was a sailor, seven years ago, in the Caribbean Sea, accidentally being knocked off a topmast by a falling spar, a distance of 108 feet. After that, in Milwaukee, he was accidentally thrown from a vessel's mast sixty-two feet. Not being seriously injured in these falls, he jumped from Watson & Co's Elevator, in Milwaukee, a distance of seventy-two feet, turning twice over in his descent, and that was his last jump till he jumped to-day. There is no jump recorded to exceed this.

The next best is Sam Patch's jump at Niagara Falls, of 142 feet, in 1829. Peer intends to repeat his feat of to-day at the same place on the 4th of July next. He walked to the Prospect House this afternoon, to make his arrangements with a number of prominent railroad men for a series of excursions.—Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.

CHINESE LOVE OF FLOWERS.—The love of flowers is one of the Chinese passions, and is gratified by artificial imitations. In a narrow street of Peking, a daily fair is held, at which, for half a mile, pith-paper and silk flowers are exposed for sale.

Foreigners stand fascinated before the stalls, watching the skill of the flower-makers. Each one is provided with a sort of pincers, some wire, a pot of glue, knives, and some with pith-paper of many tints.

In a short time, while his deft fingers move with bewildering rapidity, he will counterfeits the dahlia, aster, rose, or whatever real flower lies before him for a model. His skill in cutting leaf, calyx and petals, is equal to that of the most marvelous eye for delicate differences of tint.

Here the peddlers get their supplies for the day. It is astonishing to see how fond the people are of these beautiful counterfeits of nature. The Chinese women wear no bonnets or hats, but do their hair up in elaborate fashions, and wear flowers instead. In some parts of the kingdom, you may know if a woman be maid, widow or matron from the color of the flowers she wears in her hair.

The parasol, where the women wear no hats, is, of course, an indispensable article for any outdoor excursion, and the whole family of parasols and umbrellas in China is a marvel. They are generally made of silk or paper.

VERY TRUE.—Many papers are at last awaking to the fact that when a person who is a witness in a court takes a solemn oath to tell the whole truth, browbeating lawyers should not prevent him from fulfilling his obligation to God. Besides, it is coming to be considered that a lawyer has no right to be a loafer simply because he happens to be engaged in a case.—N. Y. Herald.

A shirt-front is a thing to be studded.

## Faintness and its Causes.

Faintness consists in a temporary failure of the activity of the heart; the blood, in consequence, is not properly circulated. It does not reach the head, and the patient loses clearness of vision and color, and, if not prevented, falls on the floor, where, or even before reaching it, he recovers. There is no convulsion, and though he can scarcely be said to be conscious, he is not profoundly unconscious, so as not to be able to be aroused, as happens in epilepsy. There are all degrees of faintness, from merely feeling faint and looking slightly pale to the state we have described; and in some cases the state of faintness is hardly recovered from well before it recurs again and again, for hours or days together. We need hardly say that the latter are altogether beyond the reach of domestic medicine. What are the causes of faintness? It is not very difficult to describe these. Some people are so easily affected that they faint if they cut their finger, or even if they see the cut finger of another. All one can say of such persons is that their muscular fiber is not strong, and that their nerves are sensitive. The heart, which goes on for years circulating the blood, is essentially a muscle. It is weak in some people, stronger in others. As a rule, it is weaker in women and stronger in men. Hence women faint more rapidly than men. Whatever weakens the heart and the muscles generally acts as a cause of faintness. Close, foul air is a common cause of faintness or of languidness. Anything which greatly affects the nervous system, such as bad news or the sight of something horrible, causes fainting. But of all causes of faintness, none is so serious as the loss of blood. The muscles, in order to act well, must be supplied with blood; and if the blood of the body is lost—if it escapes, either from a vein opened purposely, or from piles, or from the source from which menstruation proceeds—in excessive quantity, then faintness will happen. The degree of it will depend on the amount of blood lost. A loss of blood that would scarcely be felt in one person will be a serious cause of faintness in another. Sometimes frequent faintness arises from becoming very fat, the muscular system of the heart being impaired by fatty deposit.—Cassell's Household Guide.

One of the most striking characteristics of modern medicine is the importance assigned to nursing in the treatment of the sick. Many diseases for which the most potent remedies are now known to tend naturally to recovery, if the patient is only placed under favorable conditions, so that a large part of the duty of the physician or surgeon is to see that his patient is well nursed, and that the environment of the sick or injured person is such as will favor and not retard recovery. Hence, in a case of severe illness, the medical attendant less to the sharpening of his lancet and the devising of elaborate and voluminous mixtures of drugs than to the ventilation of the sick room, the cleanliness of the patient, the preparation and administration of food, and the exclusion of harmful influences; and in the sick-room the vast array of potions and unguents and the odor of drugs have been replaced by the odor of a fragrant and abundant supply of fresh air.—Home Journal.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—Two cups of flour, one cup of sour milk, butter the size of a walnut, one third of a teaspoonful of soda, one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, mix lightly, and bake in a quick oven. The cake should be made in round plates. While baking, take one pint and a half of strawberries, and wash fine; when the cake is baked, cut in two, and butter each part; then put on the larger portion a layer of sugar, and ten strawberries, then a layer of sugar, then lay on the other part. Sprinkle with sugar, and serve while hot.

DRIED HERBS.—When you buy a bunch of dried herbs rub the leaves through a sieve, and bottle them tightly until you need them. Tie the stalks together and save them until you want to make what the French call a bouquet for a soup or stew. A bouquet of herbs is made by trying together a few sprigs of parsley, thyme and two bay leaves. These dried herbs, which have the flavor of lavender, can be bought at any German grocery or drug store, enough to last for a long time for five cents.

CHICKEN CHESSE.—Boil two chickens in merely water enough to make them tender; take them out when done; remove all the bone; mince the meat very fine; season with salt, pepper and butter, and return them to the water in which they were boiled; cook until the liquid is nearly gone; pour into a deep dish; lay a plate over it; put on a weight and set away in a cool place. When ready to be eaten cut it in slices and it will be as firm as cheese, and is very nice for a Sunday evening tea.

SECURING KNIVES.—It is not generally known that for securing knives, forks, spoons and tinware, the common water lime such as is used in plastering cisterns, cellars, etc., is one of the very best materials. It does not scratch and will not injure your best silver. Apply with a cloth. The more often such things are cleaned the more easily they are cleaned.

RICE GEM CAKES.—To one pint soft-boiled rice, add a teaspoon flour, a tablespoon butter, a little salt, two well-beaten eggs, milk enough to make a batter. Bake on a griddle or pour in well-greased gem pans.

MUFFINS.—One quart flour, two eggs beaten separately, one tablespoon lard, one of sugar, one teaspoon salt and two of baking powder, one cup sour milk; beat well and bake in muffin rings immediately.